WHAT THE MOTION PICTURE PLAYERS ARE DOING

Why Is an Actor?

By Harriette Underhill

E. K. Lincoln's first name is Edward. Just as H. B. Warner's first name is Harry, but no one knows it. These two actors seem, somehow, always to be designated by their initials, and of all the people we asked no one knew what Mr. Lincoln's Christian name was. Finally we called up his press agent, who is supposed to be possessed of his life secrets to have and to hold or to disclose at his discretion, and said, "What is E. K. Lincoln's first name?" "E. K.," came back the answer, but we finally wrested it from him. By his reticence we suspected that it might be Ezekiel or Ephriam or Ebenezer.

It was one of the things we intended to ask Mr. Lincoln, himself, and then in the excitement of meeting again, the owner of the Greenacre Kennels, we forgot all about it. It didn't matter, because we do not yet know Mr. Lincoln well enough to call him by his first name, even if we had known it.

Before we were promoted or something, we used to write about dogs. So this is not the first time we have interviewed Mr. Lincoln. In the Greenacre Kennels are Chows, Bostons, Pekes, Japs and Samoyedes. The Greenacre dogs are known all over the country wherever there are dog shows, but Mr. Lincoln breeds dogs for fun—for the same reason he is on the screen. He enjoys it.

After we had discussed dogs for an hour, and the relative merits of Bostons and Chows, and the likelihood of there being a predominance of Irish terrier blood in the Airedale, we remembered that we were no longer the kennel editor, but the movie editor; so we switched to the screen and asked Mr. Lincoln how he came to go on the stage in the first place. "Because I was so crazy about it they couldn't interest me at all in the drygoods game."

Mr. Lincoln hails from somewhere in Pennsylvania—Wilkes-Barre or Johnstown or Indiana or Pittsburgh—and he said from the time of his earliest recollection he always wished to be an actor.

"I didn't care what I played. I just wanted to go on the stage and be noble. My chance came. Herbert Brenon brought a stock company to my home town and he needed some one who could wear a dress suit. Now, even in my callow days I never had any predilection for trick clothes, and I never yearned to wear a dress suit fastened in front with a chain and shiny buttons on it. So Mr. Brenon said he thought I would do. Because I was so good I received $20 a week. When I asked Mr. Brenon if that wasn't rather a small amount to live on and furnish $150 dress suits, he replied, 'I can get a real actor for $40.' This encouraged me. I might, in time, become a real actor and get $40. So I stayed. Since then my ambitions have been realized; the goal has been reached; I have made as much as $40 a week.

"I think it is a mistake for an actor to have independent means. He doesn't work as hard as he would otherwise."

If Mr. Lincoln ever had tried living on the income which one derives from one's first two sesons on the stage, he probably would not speak of it so easily.

Lightly our interviewer skipped from season to season, until at last he arrived on the screen via the Vitagraph Company. Once upon a time he was leading man to the charming Anita Stewart, and since then he has supported any number of stars, including our favorite Mae Marsh. Now he is making a big patriotic picture, under the auspices of the French government. It is a Leonce Perret picture and is to be called "America First," or words to that effect.

Mr. Lincoln knows every one that we know in the films, and we finally inviegled him into discussing their idiosyncracies, for, you know, "every one is peculiar, save thee and me." He told us a lovely story about one of the film stars who likened himself to Napoleon, but he made him anonymous. We begged to know who it was and promised to tell him about the big star (feminine) who wrote us a nice, friendly note and signed it "Yrs. Respectfully, Miss Blank." But he wouldn't, so we didn't.

DOROTHY DALTON — E. K. LINCOLN AND ONE OF HIS PRIZE BOSTON BULLS. — TOM MOORE, STAR IN GOLDWYN PICTURES

Tom Moore Is Now One of the Goldwyn Stars

Three years ago Tom Moore was just a picture player of pleasing personality and appearance. He had small parts, made good in them and became a leading man to feminine stars who have since had their day and gone down into the cinema bourne from which celebrities do not return—the oblivion of lost popularity. But Tom Moore went on.

Now he has become a Goldwyn star—the first, by the way, of the masculine persuasion in the big studio at Fort Lee. Behind that brief bit of news is a story, romantically interesting, of a handsome, fun-loving young Irishman—so Irish that he still speaks with a quaint brogue—who pulled himself into stellar prominence in motion pictures by his own boot straps.

Less than six months ago, after Tom had been starred in a picture made for sale at a price which assured that it would be seen everywhere by any one who could afford ten cents and the war tax, he was engaged by Goldwyn as leading man for Mae Marsh in "The Cinderella Man." In the critical reviews of this production published in the newspapers and motion picture magazines Tom Moore's work did not escape notice. In some he was awarded equal honors with the star.

It was a foregone conclusion, then, that Tom would be liked in his next rôle, which was as leading man to Mabel Normand in "Dodging a Million." "The Floor Below," another Normand, followed, and then came "The Danger Game," starring Madge Kennedy.

Through these four productions Tom Moore built up a large share of his popularity with the public of the United States and through it with the exhibitors, the men who cater to the public taste. They wanted Tom Moore as a star, and they didn't hesitate to say so. Since the exhibitors furnish the money with which producers make their pictures, there was nothing to do but grant their wish.

Tom's first Goldwyn starring vehicle is "Just For To-night," a romantic drama of the adventures of a gilded youth whose polish turned to rust in twenty-four hours. It is by Charles A. Logue, who not long ago was a reporter on the staff of The New York Tribune and who since has become one of the most successful and popular writers for motion pictures. "Just For To-night" is being directed by Charles Giblyn. It is nearing completion at Fort Lee.

Fairbanks Plays A Reporter in His New Picture

The rôle assigned to Douglas Fairbanks in his new Artcraft comedy, "Say! Young Fellow," which has been chosen as the feature of the Rivoli programme this week, is that of a cub reporter who gathers news by spectacular methods that probably would get him arrested anywhere outside a motion picture.

Joseph Henaberry wrote the story and directed. The girl is played by Marjorie Daw and the villain by Frank Campau.

The Rivoli Orchestra will play Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody as an overture. Selections from "The Singing Girl," by Victor Herbert, will be the added orchestral number. Greek Evans, barytone, will render Wilfrid Sanderson's "Friend o' Mine." Gladys Rice, soprano, will sing "Can't You Hear Me Calling, Caroline," by Caro Roma.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's timely novel, "Missing," will be the chief feature of the programme offered by Mr. Rothapfel at the Rialto this week. Thomas Meighan, Robert Gordon, Sylvia Breamer and other popular players have the principal rôles.

Under the direction of Hugo Reisenfeld and Nat W. Finston, the Rialto Orchestra will play the overture to "Orpheus," by Offenbach, and, as a lighter number, will render selections from "Naughty Marietta," by Victor Herbert. Annie Rosner, soprano, will sing "Because I Love You, Dear," by Hawley. Emanel List, basso, will be heard in "Vulcan's Song," from Gounod's "Philemon and Baucis."

Harold Edel is presenting a double feature bill at the Strand Theatre, headed by "Our Invincible Navy," photographed by "Prizma," and projected in natural colors. These pictures are the latest taken of our navy, and are unparalleled in realism.

The government lent its coöperation in the photographing of these pictures, which were shown at the White House at the request of President Wilson and were heartily indorsed by him and Secretary Daniels.

The photo-dramatic feature is Mabel Normand, who will be seen in her latest Goldwyn picture, "The Venus Model." This play, which was written by H. R. Durant, is a blend of everything the public wants Miss Normand to give.

Mery Zentay, violiniste, will play "Rondino," Wieniawski; Ralph H. Brigham and Herbert Sisson will render selections from "La Bohème," Puccini, and the Strand Symphony Orchestra will play the overture "Phèdre," Massenet.

Mae Murray, in her latest production, "Her Body in Bond," will be the feature at the Broadway Theatre this week.

Owing to the great success of the song hit picture, "Hello, Central, Give Me No Man's Land," used all last week, the management has decided to use a new song picture each week, and for this week the patriotic song, "Daddy Mine," will be featured.

Mitchell Lewis, star of "The Barrier" and "The Sign Invisible," will be seen in another drama of the Northwest called "Nine-Tenths of the Law," at Loew's New York Theatre and Roof on Monday and Tuesday. Theda Bara, in "Under the Yoke," will be the attraction on Wednesday and Thursday. Friday, double feature day, June Elvidge, in "A Woman of Redemption," and Tom Mix, in "Ace High," will be featured, and Elsie Ferguson in Henrik Ibsen's "A Doll's House," is scheduled for Saturday.

A Bit of Baby Blue To Match Your Eyes

Clifton Crawford, star in the Shubert production of "Fancy Free" at the Bijou, used to help the girls select their ribbons and laces. That was when he was clerk at a ribbon counter in one of the downtown stores. "A little baby blue to match your eyes?" Mr. Crawford used to suggest, and more than likely the young woman would buy more than she really needed because the clerk was so pleasant.

But Mr. Crawford was not intended for a ribbon clerk. He was born in the theatrical business. His mother and father were on the stage. So were his grandparents. They travelled through Scotland, giving concerts, and when Clifton was a little boy they took him with them.

"Managers wouldn't pay much attention to me at first," says Mr. Crawford, "and audiences were not much more discriminating. I made my first appearance in America at a vaudeville house in Boston, but I died on my feet. I sang, danced and recited 'Gunga Din' all over the stage, but it was no use. They wouldn't have me. So I went back to Scotland. But every year I came back, resolved to keep on trying until I made good. It was a long time before I reached the humble position of chorus boy. Before that I had to sell ribbon in a stuffy department store; I taught golf and did a hundred other things to keep out of the bread line. Finally I wrote a few songs for an amateur production, and this attracted one of the managers. At last he gave me a position in the chorus, and every time a man left I was promoted. I wrote a song for this show, and made certain that no one would sing it but myself. In this manner I managed at last to reach a principal's position."

Breakfast for Two

No one likes to be wakened early unless she is going to be Queen of the May. At least there may be strange persons who do, but the only one who ever went on record as saying so died soon after she requested her mother to call her early. With her death the race probably became extinct, for every one we know thinks that early rising is an invention of the devil, and we agree with him.

Therefore, we were not in a cheerful mood Wednesday morning when the telephone roused us from a beautiful dream of being a film star at $1,000,000 a week and having Douglas Fairbanks for a leading man.

"Are you there?" came over the wire in the voice of the handsomest p. a. in town. "Well," with lots of enthusiasm, "Dorothy Dalton just got in town and is at the Ritz. I knew you would want to be the first one to see her, so I arranged for you to be there at 12 o'clock. It is all right. Goodby."

It was all right—or, at least, nearly all right—so by waiving breakfast and carefully avoiding surface cars we arrived at the Ritz at 12 o'clock.

The haughty clerk (he calls himself a "clark") was the one we saw when we interviewed Charlie Chaplin at the same hostlery. But he was in a soft and yielding mood now, and he promised us that Miss Dalton would be down immediately, at the same time waving us toward a big chair with a pink Bird of Paradise with a purple tail on the back of it.

Miss Dalton kept his promise immediately. Not more than a minute after we had taken up our vigil in front of the "lift" (again quoting the "clark") we saw stepping from the lift a young person who radiated health and good spirits. She wore a blue chiffon dress, with a little girdle made of blue and violet and red ribbon. Her hat was large and blue, trimmed with the colors found in her girdle. On her blouse was fastened a large sapphire and diamond pin. On her arm was a beautiful circlet of sapphires and diamonds, and on her fingers were more of the wonderful blue and white jewels.

Our intuition told us many things immediately. One of them was that Dorothy Dalton was not a New Yorker; another was that she was a very lovable sort of person; another that she wore what she pleased, and adored blue; another that she was imbued with the joy of living. Later she verified all of our suspicions.

"Hello," said Miss Dalton, as though she had known us always, instead of never. "I'm on my way to the races. Come into the dining room and we'll have breakfast while we talk, unless you have had yours. Are you one of those exasperating persons who arise at the crack of dawn and pretend they like it?" We answered her, but not fully until after the grapefruit, and then we discussed motion pictures pro and con, and their advantages and disadvantages.

We agreed that it was terrible to have to get up and be at the studio and ready to go to an embassy ball at 9:30 a. m. We said: "Film stars earn their money," and Miss Dalton replied with conviction: "They do! Why, do you realize that no matter how terrific the heat—and it often gets away up in the hundreds—we have to keep all dressed up in furs and things, and keep our noses powdered, too, and then we have to hold ourselves in readiness to go anywhere or do anything, and never a day is really our own. But now I have five weeks all my own. I shall spend all but one of them in New York. That I must spend in Chicago—my home town, you know." No, we didn't know, but we suspected, because people who live in the Windy City never lose their breeziness.

"And I'm going to see every show left in town and shop all the rest of the time that I'm not at the races." Just before we left Miss Dalton we bethought ourself. There was a momentous question which we had intended to ask, so we asked it as a parting shot: "How do you pronounce your name—Dalton or Dawlton?" "Dalton, of course; just as you say it, though most people call me 'Dawlton.'" And there is something else we forgot to mention, too. Miss Dalton has the most beautiful eyebrows we ever have seen. They are like the curve of a swallow's wings as he flies away from you toward the sunset.

H. U.

Geraldine Back

Geraldine Farrar, who has just returned from an extended concert tour in the South, will immediately set to work upon six big feature films for the Goldwyn Company.